ROYAL BENEVOLENCE.

A

POEM.

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Moſt humbly Addreſs'd to her MAJESTY

Queen *CAROLINE.*

As it was

Preſented to the ſaid Queen's MAJESTY, by the AUTHOR,

On *Friday*, the 2d of *October*, 1730. at *Windſor-Caſtle.*

To which is annexed, A

POEM on PROVIDENCE.

Both written by *STEPHEN DUCK*,
Threſher and Husbandman, of the County of *Wilts.*

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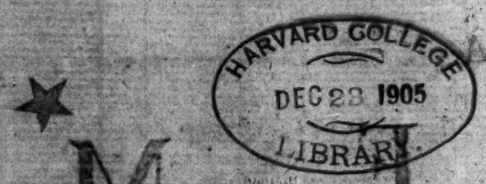

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ON
ROYAL BENEVOLENCE.

Moſt humbly Inſcribed to Her MAJESTY

Queen CAROLINE.

MOST bounteous QUEEN, my grateful Thanks I pay,
Which ſcarcely for the Dreſs of Words will ſtay:
Your ROYAL MAJESTY a Muck-worm took
From Labour, pleas'd with his mean trifling Book:
And now the Reptile at your Foot-ſtool lays
In humble Strains, to ſing your worthy Praiſe.
The Wits prophane may court *Urania*'s Aid,
And make Addreſſes to a fictious Shade.

But

But I need no ſuch Phantoms to inſpire;
Your Royal Bounty ſets my Soul on fire;
And what I lov'd before, I now admire.
As on our Parents Labour was intail'd,
I work'd, and fallen State of Man bewail'd:
I pray'd for Eaſe, from Sorrow, Want and Pain,
And labour'd, my poor Offspring to maintain.
Without ambitious Thoughts, or Wiſhes vain,
I found my Eaſe in only Reſt from Pain;
And bleſs'd the Giver, when I thraſh'd the Grain.
YET Want ſometimes would ſtare me in the Face,
And ſcarce my Labour wou'd ſupply my Race.
WHEN Heav'n, in pity to my poor Eſtate,
Brought me in Favour with the Wiſe and Great:
And heaping Bounty upon Bounty more,
Rais'd me to Plenty from a Threſhing-floor.
Your Royal Goodneſs o're my Cottage ſhone,
With brighter Beams, than did the riſing Sun;
And from a Barn Companion to the Mice,
Plac'd me at Eaſe, and in a Paradice.
Under great Heaven, my QUEEN I muſt adore,
Whoſe bounteous Soul no Captive needs implore.
Like *Phœbus*, in his Glory, all She ſees,
And bleſſes all in various Degrees.
May Heav'n preſerve all who ſurround her Throne,
And may her Line ne'er want a ROYAL SON.

Now

Now, as I've leiſure Fancy to diſplay,
My Pen ſhall ever grateful Homage pay:
For ſure no Wretch can e're ſo ſtupid prove,
As to be blind to ſuch abundant Love.
What am I—What I was—From whence I came,
Are Thoughts can't leave me long without a Theme.
When e're I view the Grain in Barn or Field,
Or ſee a Farm that does God's Bleſſing veild;
The Proſpect will ſuch Contemplation raiſe,
As muſt begin in Joy, and end in Praiſe.
No Meadow green, or Stack or Cock of Hay,
But where I view will furniſh an Eſſay:
And then the Objects of my Praiſe will be,
The mighty Lord, and her great Majeſty.
Our God, the Author of Benevolence,
Who does, by ſecond Cauſes, Gifts diſpenſe;
In Goodneſs as in Greatneſs infinite,
His Children to good Actions does excite.]
He ſaw her Majeſty made up of Love,
And often heard her Orriſons above.
To know his Will, and knowing it to do
His Work, is all She aims at here below.
Th'Almighty ſeeing ſo much Chriſtian Grace,
And how, on Earth, ſhe ran the heavenly Race;
Has conſtituted Royal *CAROLINE*
His Agent here, to make his Glory ſhine.

The Noble, Great and Powerful, humbly kneel;
Submiſſive, full of Loyalty and Zeal:
And ask but to obey to all Commands,
Sign'd by ſuch juſt and mutal Royal Hands.
The poor anticipated have no more,
Than but to have it barely known they're Poor.
Nay, ſome have ſtrove their Poverty to hide,
Through Shame, or what ſhould ſhame, remaining Pride.
But ſuch our Royal QUEEN in ſecret found,
And brought them out of Mire to bleſſed Ground.
And this contriving and performing Good,
Runs in each Vein of HANOVERIAN Blood.

On PROVIDENCE.

COULD Mortals taſte of heavenly Bliſs and Joy,
The Rapture would the human Frame deſtroy:
Our little Minds, toſt with perpetual Cares,
Are loſt, when Grief or Joy comes unawares.
Exceſs ſhakes Nature, but Viciſſitude
In Moderation is an Interlude,
When right apply'd to all our humane Good.
I, who have labour'd in a Threſhing-floor,
Was once contented in my State, tho' poor:
Yet, like all Mortals, ſtill I pray'd for Eaſe,
But labour'd ſtill, like the induſtrious Bees;
Knowing the Winter comes, when Food is dear,
And Nature wants Supplies of wholeſome Cheer.
Juſtly to think is Happineſs on Earth,
And cheerful Thoughts at Labour is ſound Mirth.
I, who have labour'd for a trifling Sum,
Was pleas'd, to think the time of Pay was come.
One Shilling goes for this, and one for that,
And ſtill the Flail went patt and patt a-patt.

The

The Wife would ſay, How can you be content ?
I know not how to pay your Quarter's Rent.
I bid her look on Birds in Buſhes there,
And ſee the little ſilly Inſect here ;
Behold the Order of the Univerſe,
And ask the Hen and Chickens for a Purſe.
She talk'd, like Woman, guided by a Will,
Who nothing knew of real Good or Ill :
But when ſhe had the Courſe of Things ſurvey'd,
She own'd, what all muſt own, Heaven ſends its Aid.
To all its Creatures, Reaſon and Inſtinct join,
And both, with Care, compleat our GOD's Deſign.
A virtuous Man may various Troubles find,
But ſtill the greateſt Trouble's in the Mind.
The Death of Friends affects us—Poor, we pine;
But could we ſee our Maker's great Deſign,
There's ſome good End, and ſomething that's Divine.

FINIS.